

Staying with you " A Prumano One-Shot

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Summary: Lovino is under a lot of stress and Gilbert is the only one who could help him. Prumano one shot. Very fluffy! Gosh i love this ship! Some language.

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Hello! PMF here! Ok so while I'm writing more for Let Her Go, I pushed out this one shot. I hope y'all like it! If it isn't that good oh well. It was just something indulgent and I need to write to help me calm. I might write more little (slightly long lol) fics just for fun. I hope none of the characters are ooc. I sometimes write to write but if they are a little ooc tell me so I may improve. Ok. Anyway! Have a good day and Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Parties were surprisingly not Gilbert's strong suit.<p>

He was able to converse well but parties like these were kind of too loud and not his forte. A lot of people thought he would love them so they always invited him. And him being too kind, he did go anyway. He was lucky though that his two best friends were always at these parties as well.

Gilbert was in every way social but he had his moments of anti-socialness that would sometimes poke through at the most opportune times.

He walked around and tried to find his two friends. Saying hello to people from his classes on the way. Yes, this was freshman college party and of course by default he was a college student. A freshman just like everyone else at this party, save for the couple sophomores who had freshman friends.

Many people were already beginning to get drunk on cheap beer and vodka. He wasn't going to get drunk since he had quizzes the next day and a hangover was not going to be fun while trying to solve equations on a page. Not to mention that when he got drunk, he got the opposite of rowdy. He got very sleepy and Francis and Antonio would have to drag him home.

Gilbert didn't really know who was hosting this party since it wasn't at one of the frat or sorority houses on campus. There was houses right outside the university and that where the party was at. The only thing he really knew is that the party had about a good percentage of people from other countries. Their school had a very good exchange student and abroad studying programs. People would both come from other countries and go study abroad. It was nice since it was like a little melting pot for the world to come to. He was one of those students that came from another country to study at this American university.

Gilbert was suddenly hugged from the side. Looking over he saw that it was his very French friend, Francis Bonnefoy. He always thought his name was ironic since it was as French as you could get without it being Pierre or the like. Though he couldn't talk about funny sounding names. His _vatti and mutti_ named him Gilbert Maria Beilshcmidt. He didn't mind the name but he would always be made fun of it but he never paid attention to the people did. His friends joked about it sometimes but he knew they did out of friendship and love instead of malice.

"Bonsoir Gilbert! You liking the party cher?" Francis asked, his accent thickly spilling onto his English.

"Yea it's fun! I see you're enjoying yourself!" Gilbert joked back as a response. They had to speak slightly louder than normal since the room was filled with loud music and conversation.

"But of course! I have been flirting with a couple people here and there~. I am in my element!"

"Cool! Hope you get some tonight! But what about that dude you've been trying to bag? What's his name? He has those thick ass eyebrows."

"Oh you mean Kirkland? Oui! I've been trying to get him for a while now but that doesn't mean I can't have a little fun before the rosbif falls for me," Francis gave a wink and a smirk. "Besides, he is a challenge and I will achieve it soon. He's here and I'm trying to make him jealous with the people I am talking to. I have a plan and I think it might be working~! He's been staring at me all night!" he looked off into the direction of the Englishman that looked away the moment they turned their eyes towards him.

Gilbert laughed and rolled his eyes.

Arthur Kirkland was this man that Francis had had his eyes for since the beginning of the year, 6 months ago. Arthur was uptight at times and the two always bickered about even the smallest things but there was always something underlying between the two. Any person Francis was interested in knowing would usually on the spot follow his lead. But unlike all the other people, Arthur had refused. Saying something along the lines of, 'Like hell I would be caught with your Frog leg

eating, French arse.' Which started a kind of rivalry between the two as well as some sexual tension and Francis' mission to get with the other.

"I see! Well, I wish you luck or break a leg then. Oh by the way, where's Antonio? I don't think I seen him when I walked in."

"Oh he's over on the dance floor with Bela. You know the Belgian girl?"

"Really! Oh shit! Are they dating?"

"Non, They started talking tonight actually! She just arrived to the US a month ago. Toni had been talking to someone beforehand and they were getting annoyed by him and she came between them and broke them up. Since then, they started talking."

"Who was the person?"

"No idea. But from what I heard he was a little pissy about our friend talking to him and Toni was so confused. But that's as far as I know besides him having a curl in his hair or something. Not sure. I've been kind of busy tonight to get all the details."

"Oh ok true. Uh I was going to say hi to Antonio but I don't want to interrupt him."

"It might be better," Francis took a swig from a cup he was holding. Something that Gilbert hadn't noticed. "Hey have you gotten anything to drink? I know you have a quiz tomorrow but I think you should relax a little. But don't go overboard. You know what happens when you get drunk."

Gilbert nodded, "Ja, I know. I might get something."

"Well, you go ahead and find the drinks. I have to go flirt some more. I think a little more might break him tonight~."

"JA! You do that! See you later Romeo!" Gilbert smiled as his friend waved his hand as he walked away. He looked around and started to head to find the kitchen. He was a little calmer now and maybe a beer might help him a little as Francis suggested.

Once there he took one of the least cheap beers from the cooler. He cracked it open and took a drink. Cringing slightly at the sharp taste but shaking it off. This was expected since he was actually kind a connoisseur for beer and the better ones where the ones from his homeland. Nothing from the US could compare. Some came close but as the saying says, 'Close, but no cigar'.

Gilbert walked over to the counter that looked out to the other party goers. He stood there taking sips while leaning on the counter. After about a minute or so, someone also walked into the kitchen and grabbed a drink. He didn't turn to see who it was till he heard a can getting cracked open from next to him. The guy looked visibly upset and looked like he had already had a couple drinks as well. He was shooting daggers towards the party but not particularly at anyone.

"â€|You alright there man? Chill out bro house. It's just a

partyâ€| "

The man stopped mid drink and turned slowly towards him. If glares could kill, Gilbert would already be dead by the one he was receiving from the hazel eyed man. He gulped and suddenly felt like he needed another drink from his can from his throat going dry quickly.

"Just a party? JUST A PARTY?"

Gilbert had no intention of saying anything and let the other guy talk. He noticed the other had an Italian accent and a curl that stuck out strangely. So that's the dude Francis had talked about.

"Not only is this my first party and I thought I might handle running it, but some idiot was trying to flirt with me then went to start talking to and hitting on my best-friend-since-birth and I have to make sure people don't start fucking in the rooms upstairs, I have to make sure nothing in the house gets ruined, I thought hosting this party might get me laid but I'm pretty sure that's not happening and my grandfather made us come to America to go to school when we could have stayed in Italy and I am not doing well in my classes but the worst is that my little brother went out to go on a date with his stupid potato crush from high school while I stayed here alone worrying about him. And now you're telling me to calm down! Well, you might say I'm having just a fine dandy time!"

Gilbert eyebrows raised and his eyes widened as he watched the other yell at him.

So this was the hostâ€|the man was red in the face not only from anger but from embarrassment it looked like. It also looked like the other was about to break down and cry any second. It looked like running the party alone was really getting to him. "Uhâ€|I'm sorry. I didn't know all that was happening. But maybe you do need to take a break-"

"Don't tell me I need a break! Stop telling me to calm down you German bastard! I'm f-fine!" the host's voice cracked on the last word. Some of the hot, angry tears that were pooling in his eyes finally falling.

"Oh man. I am really sorry now. Please don't cry!" Gilbert had put down his drink down at this point. Putting his opened hands in front of himself towards the other as a sign of meaning no harm.

The host's right hand shot up towards his cheeks to feel the tears that indeed fell. After setting his drink, he wiped them quickly with his sleeves. "I'm not crying. I just hadâ€|something in my eyeâ€|" a lame excuse leaving his pouted lips. He crossed his arms tightly towards his body as he looked away. "Now go away and leave me alone to get whatever is in my outâ€|" not noticing that again tears fell silently down his blushing, puffed cheeks.

Gilbert noticed this and still felt worried. He gulped and he unthinkingly did what he did next. A reflex from having basically raised his younger brother from a child. Something he did when he saw someone begin to cry or sad. He couldn't stand seeing someone that way. It pained him to see someone cry.

Doing the only thing he knew to do in that situation, Gilbert took the shorter man into his arms and silently pressed him against his chest in a warm hug. Shushing him slightly as well. Another reflex to calm someone he had programmed inside of him.

Sure, Gilbert was loud, at times obnoxious, and the outer personality of a bro-dude, but there was no question that he had a soft side. Something he reserved for animals, people who needed comfort, and moments when he was in a state of calm with someone he was with or someone he had a crush on.

This was one of those moments that someone needed serious comfort and he didn't even hesitate to bring it to the smaller Italian man.

Lovino froze and his body went rigid when he felt those arms enveloped him.

This was the rarest thing to ever happen to him. The only other people who've ever hugged him were his grandfather and his younger brother. Everyone else was slightly scared of him because of his face always looking angry. The girls not as much but they didn't stay long.

He stayed still.

His heart pounded against his rib cage.

This type of affection was something he's been needing all day and he didn't notice as he started to break down from the stress and exhaustion. He didn't even know the guy's name but here he was crying against their chest and reaching up to clutch at their shirt.

God, he was tiredâ€¦

Lovino felt the floor from under his feet disappear and his body in the same guy's arms. He struggled slightly from the embarrassment of being picked up bridal style, but it didn't last long since he didn't have the energy anymore to fight the man that was helping compose himself.

Gilbert smiled slightly when he felt the other finally relax and lean into him. The sobs that raked their body were muffled into his chest and it made Gil shiver. Not only because it vibrated onto him but also because he felt all the feeling behind each sob.

In the next moment after standing for a minute or so, he remembered that they were at a party and that he needed to move them to a room so he could help the guy calm down in a quiet, private place.

Gilbert scooped the other into his arms gently and made sure not to drop him as he walked towards one of the rooms on the third floor. Passing people on the stairs on the way and shooing them back down towards the party. The guy in his arms didn't struggle anymore since he guessed he didn't want to fall and he seemed like he didn't really care since he was already crying on him.

In a whisper he asked, "Where is your room?" The man pointed towards one room at the end of the hall. Opening the door without letting

the out of his arms, he pushed it open and closed it behind him. The sounds of the party greatly muffled after it being shut.

Gilbert sat the guy on the bed and took both of their shoes off. Being considerate to not dirty the blankets on the bed with shoes. He smiled at the other and sat on the bed next to him, "oh by the way. My name is Gilbert."

The other was still crying when out of one of the sobs came his name, "L-Lovino." Gilbert took Lovino back into his arms softly. His right hand pulling the other slightly to him and his more dominant hand rubbing gentle circles on the other's back to encourage him that it's ok. The sobbing not slowing down and Lovino hand's clutched onto Gilbert's shirt. The feeling helping him anchor himself to something safe and to keep himself from flying off the handle.

Gilbert whispered soft words of comfort and reassurance to the Italian. His cheek resting on Lovino's soft, silky hair. Thinking how one person could take on so much stress and not break down and go insane.

They sat there together for a long while. Towards the end, Lovino started to calm down and his tears slowing. His sobs quieting and turning into soft hiccups as he tried to take deep breaths.

Gilbert had been stroking the other's hair to calm him down farther. This working effectively and Lovino was able to regain his regular breathing in a minute or few. He separated them softly to look at the other's face. Putting both hand on either side of his face to pull his face up better. He tilted his head slightly and smiled at Lovino.

Eyes searching his face despite the other's eyes were looking away, "Are you feeling better? Do you want to talk about it Lovino?"

He was stubborn for a moment before he spoke, "No...I already let out what I needed...But yesâ€|I'm feeling betterâ€|Thank youâ€|" The gratitude spoken when he looked up at Gilbert. He finally gotten a good look at him and blushed when he saw that he was attractive. The blush worsened when he remembered that he was holding his face in his hands and was looking straight at him.

"Oh awesome! I'm glad you're alright now. Hehâ€|You're welcome Lovinoâ€|" despite his redness, Lovino's hazel eyes were beautiful, alongside the face that came with it.

Now that he saw it in a calm state, he saw how adorable the man was and the blush that was on his face made him even cuter. It was now that he noticed how close they were. Only about less than half foot from Lovino's face, "umâ€|let me clean your face up a bitâ€|"

Gilbert used his hands to wipe the tears that weren't dry yet. He took this chance to feel how soft and warm Lovino's face was. Briefly glancing down at his lips. Wondering if they were as soft and warm as his cheeks.

Lovino saw Gil's eyes look across his face, making him feel self-conscious. "W-why are you looking at me like that? I told you I was fine idiota," he stumbled over his words. His breathing had

started coming out quicker and the butterflies flew around in a storm in his stomach. He stared at Gilbert's face, stopping at his eyes and lips every so often.

Gilbert chuckled softly, "I know you are. I just seeing how handsome you are." His impulses pushing him to flirt. Sometimes he couldn't stop his own self from blurting things out. But at this moment he was glad he had.

Lovino's heart skipped a beat. "I-Iâ€¦.u-uhâ€¦" Lovino was at a loss for words by the way Gilbert sincerely said what he said. He tried to look somewhere else but he couldn't because he was being held to the spot. His hands were balled up in his lap.

"At a loss of words?"

"N-no!...I just don't know how to respond to thatâ€¦"

"You don't have toâ€¦butâ€¦with your consent can I do something?"

"â€¦What?"

"Can I kiss you?" Lovino's heart almost leapt out his chest when he heard that. He saw how Gilbert's eyes looked at him lovingly and softly. Moving from his eyes down to his mouth.

Gilbert blushed slightly the moment that question left his mouth. The anticipation of Lovino's answer killing him. He thought maybe this wasn't the right time to ask. Darn his stupid mouth for blurting out what ever came to mind.

After a moment, Lovino made a decision. He wanted to get at least some action tonight and if it was with someone interested in him especially when they were sober, he was sure as hell going to go for it. Even if this guy was a dumb potato eating German.

"Well I'm not getting any younger you knowâ€¦"

Gilbert looked at Lovino waiting for a definite answer.

"â€¦Yesâ€¦I meant to say yesâ€¦.Just kiss me you potato bastard!"

Gilbert's beamed and blushed more. His chest being attacked by his heart, he pulled Lovino's face quickly to his, tilting his head and leaned in. Kissing the Italian fully with loving but strong lips. The taste of cheap beer on both their breaths.

Lovino couldn't believe what was happening. It felt like he was going to have a heart attack by how hard his heart beat. It felt like it would rip itself out of his chest at any moment. His hands moved up to cling to Gilbert's shirt once more, not for comfort but to pull him closer. His mind focusing on how wonderful the moment felt and how soft and firm Gilbert's lips were. The smell of the German's cologne intoxicating, making his head swim with so many different thoughts.

Gilbert smiled into their kiss. His left hand stayed on Lovino's face but his right moved to the small of Lovino's back. Pulling the

Italian closer by sitting him in his lap. He wanted to make it go farther but he knew he couldn't without consent. Besides, he liked how they were in that moment. Sweet and loving. Not too deep but deep enough. God how was this going so well? He's never felt like this for anyone before. This was amazing!

Lovino was wondering how in the hell he was feeling what he was feeling with this guy. In his room. Oh god! They were making out in his room. How did he even. He knew he wanted to enjoy this. For however long it would last. To feel these feelings of heart thumping sweetness. This was not something he was going to miss out. He hoped it lasted a while.

They kissed for a few more minutes before they had to come up for air and calm for that high they were both on. Resting on each other's foreheads together. Staring at each other's eyes every time they opened at the same time. Both their faces a crimson red and hands in the same places they were when they kissed. Once they were beginning to regain their breath, Gilbert's was the first to speak.

"Wow! Did you feel that?"

Lovino only nodded, not able to regain his breath as quickly yet. Knowing exactly what the other meant though when he asked that.

Gilbert wanted this to keep going but decided that if they both felt like that he'd wait it out. Instead he decided on another thing. Knowing he'd probably had to ask or it wouldn't happen.

"Do you want to go on a date sometime?"

"Yes. Per favore."

"Good. Because I wasn't going to take no for an answer after that."

"There wasn't going to be a no."

"Awesome."

Gilbert smiled and pulled Lovino into a hug. Smiling even wider when he felt the other wrap his arms around his neck and a face press against his shoulder.

'You're amazing. Stay with me forever,' their thoughts simultaneously mingling without their knowing.

The party roared on the first floor. People drinking their night away.

But the noise didn't break what was forming in their small world separated from all the chaos.

End
file.